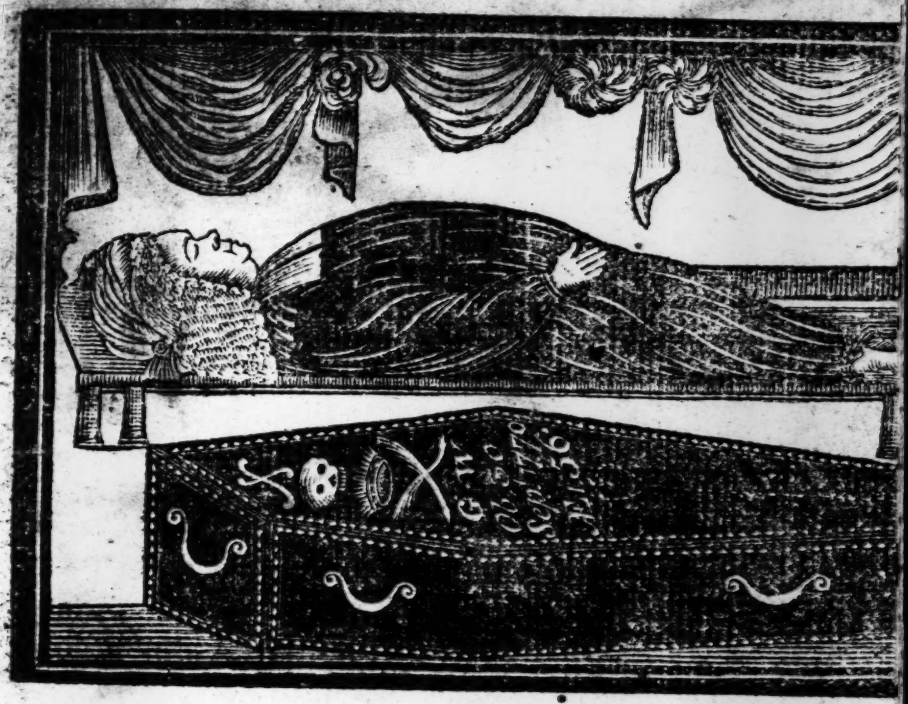
An ELEGIAC

POEM



ON THE REVEREND AND LEARNED :

Mr. George Whitefield

AN

ELEGIAC

POEM,

On the Death of that celebrated Divine, and eminent Servant of JESUS CHRIST, the reverend and learned

GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of HUNTINGDON, &c. &c.

Who made his Exit from this tranſitory State, to dwell in the celeſtial Realms of Bliſs, on Sunday, 30th of September, 1770, when he was ſeized with a Fit of the Aſthma, at Newbury-Port, near BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND.

In which is a Condolatory Addreſs to his truly noble Benefactreſs the worthy and pious Lady HUNTINGDON and the Orphan Children in GEORGIA, who, with many Thouſands are left, by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loſs of a Father, Friend and Benefactor.

By PHILLIS,

A Servant Girl, of 17 Years of Age, belonging to Mr. J. WHEATLEY, of BOSTON :—She has been but 9 Years in this Country from AFRICA.

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A N

Elegiac POEM, &c.

HAIL happy Saint on thy immortal throne!
To thee complaints of grievance are unknown;
We hear no more the muſic of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories ceaſe to throng.
Thy leſſons in unequal'd accents flow'd!
While emulation in each boſom glow'd;
Thou didſt, in ſtrains of eloquence refin'd,
Inflame the ſoul, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy we the ſetting ſun deplore!
Which once was ſplendid, but it ſhines no more;

He leaves this earth for Heaven's unmeaſur'd height;
And worlds unknown receive him from our ſight:
There WHITEFIELD wings, with rapid courſe, his way,
And ſails to Zion through vaſt ſeas of day.

When his Americans were burden'd ſore,
When ſtreets were crimſon'd with their guiltleſs gore!
Unrival'd friendſhip in his breaſt now ſtrove:
The fruit thereof was charity and love
Towards *America*——couldſt thou do more
Than leave thy native home, the *Britiſh* ſhore,
To croſs the great Atlantic's wat'ry road,
To ſee *America*'s diſtreſs'd abode?
Thy prayers, great Saint, and thy inceſſant cries,
Have pierc'd the boſom of thy native ſkies!
Thou moon haſt ſeen, and ye bright ſtars of light
Have witneſs been of his requeſts by night!
He pray'd that grace in every heart might dwell;
He long'd to ſee *America* excell:
He charg'd it's youth to let the grace divine
Ariſe, and in their future actions ſhine;

He offer'd THAT he did himſelf receive,
A greater gift not GOD himſelf can give:
He urg'd the need of HIM to every one;
It was no leſs than GOD's co-equal SON:
Take HIM ye wretched for your only good;
Take HIM ye ſtarving ſouls to be your food.
Ye thirſty, come to this life giving ſtream:
Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful theme:
Take HIM, "my dear AMERICANS," he ſaid,
Be your complaints in his kind boſom laid:
Take HIM ye *Africans*, he longs for you;
Impartial SAVIOUR, is his title due;
If you will chuſe to walk in grace's road,
You ſhall be ſons, and kings, and prieſts to GOD.

GRAFT. COUNTESS! we *Americans* revere
Thy name, and thus condole thy grief ſincere:
We mourn with thee, that TOMB obſcurely plac'd,
In which thy Chaplain undiſturb'd doth reſt.
New-England ſure, doth feel the ORPHAN's ſmart;
Reveals the true ſenſations of his heart:

Since

Since this fair Sun, withdraws his golden rays,
No more to brighten theſe diſtreſsful days!
His lonely *Tabernacle* ſees no more
A WHITEFIELD landing on the *Britiſh* ſhore:
Then let us view him in yon azure ſkies:
Let every mind with this lov'd object riſe.
No more can he exert his lab'ring breath,
Siez'd by the cruel meſſenger of death.
What can his dear AMERICA return?
But drop a tear upon his happy urn,
Thou tomb ſhalt ſafe retain thy ſacred truſt,
Till life divine re-animate his duſt.

BRITISH MUSEUM